And am moſt ſenſible in griefe for it,
It ſhall as levell to your judgement peare
As day does to your eye. *A noiſe within.*

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. Let her come in.
How now? what noiſe is that?
O heat dry up my braines, teares ſeven times ſalt
Burne out the ſenſe and vertue of mine eye:
By heaven thy madneſſe ſhall be paid with waight
Till our ſcale turne the beame. O Roſe of May!
Deare maid, kind ſiſter, ſweet *Ophelia*!
O heavens! is't poſſible a young maids wits
Should be as mortall as a poore mans life!
Ophel. They bore him bare-fac'd on the Beere, *Song.*
And in his grave rain'd many a teare.
Fare you well my Dove.
Laer. Hadſt thou thy wits, and didſt perſwade revenge
It could not move thus.
Ophel. You muſt ſing a downe, a downe,
And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it,
It is the falſe ſteward that ſtole his Maſters daughter.
Laer. This nothing's more than matter.
Ophel. There's Roſemary, that's for remembrance, pray you love remember, and there's Pancies, that's for thoughts.
Laer. A document in madnes, thoughts and remembrance fitted.
Oph. There's Fennill for you, and Columbines, there's Rew for you, and here's ſome for mee, wee may call it herbe of Grace a Sundayes, you may weare your Rew with a difference; there's a Daſie: I would give you ſome Violets, but they witherd all when my father died; they ſay a made a good end.
For bonny ſweet Robin is all my joy.
Laer. Thoughts and afflictions, paſſion, hell it ſelfe
She turnes to favour and to prettineſſe.
Ophel. And will a not come againe, *Song.*
And will a not come againe,
No, no, he is dead, goe to thy death bed,
He never will come againe.
His beard was as white as ſnow,

Flaxen

Flaxen was his pole,
He is gone, he is gone, and we caſt away moane,
God a mercy on his ſoule, and all Chriſtian ſoules.
God buy you.
Laer. Doe you this O God?
King. *Laertes* I muſt commune with your griefe,
Or you deny me right; goe but a part.
Make choice of whom your wiſeſt friends you will,
And they ſhall heare and judge 'twixt you and me,
If by direct or by collaterall hand
They finde us toucht, we will our kingdome give,
Our Crowne, our life, and all that we call ours
To you in ſatisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we ſhall jointly labour with your ſoule
To give it due content.
Laer. Let this be ſo.
His meanes of death, his obſcure funerall,
No Trophey, ſword, nor Hatchment ore his bones,
No noble right, nor formall oſtentation
Cry to be heard as 'twere from earth to heaven,
That I muſt call't in queſtion.
King. So you ſhall,
And where th'offence is let the great axe fall.
I pray you goe with me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio and others.

Hora. What are they that would ſpeake with me?
Gen. Sea-faring men ſir, they ſay they have Letters for
Hora. Let them come in.
I doe not know from what part of the world
I ſhould be greeted, if not from Lord *Hamlet.* *Enter S*
Say. God bleſſe you ſir.
Hora. Let him bleſſe thee too.
Say. A ſhall ſir an't pleaſe him. There's a letter for yo
came from the Embaſſadour that was bound for England
name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.
Hor. *Horatio*, when thou ſhalt have over-look't this, gi
fellowes ſome meanes to the King, they have Letters for h